

The Bloomfield Record.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1869.

The Farmer's Wedding.

The daisies nodded in the grass, the buttercups were sleeping, and just across the river sang the farmers at their repasts. The hills, so blue and fair, the maple leaves were showing. Their soft white beauty in the breeze that soon the sea was blowing. A little maid came through the lane with song and rippling laughter; The buttercups made way for her, the daisies nodded after. A strong young farmer saw her pass beside the rushing river; she drew a lily from its depths with golden heart a quiver. "They are more fair than like any," said he with head uplifted. And threw a poppy, as the stream toward the maid drifted. She set the flowers in her hair, the red and white together; A cloud grew black before the sun and rainy was the weather.

He came across the river then, the farmer from his mowing; He minded not the water's depth, he cared not for its flowing. "Oh, love!" said he, "gleaning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over, I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

And so one day the village bells rang out across the river, Their music set the buttercups and daisies all a quiver, While some one drew a lily from the stream so blithely flowing.

And plucked a blood-red poppy that amid the wheat was growing; The maid set them in her hair, the red and white together, With many a smile, a tear or two, and glances at the weather.

They passed beneath the chapel's shade, the farmer and the maiden, Where arched crosses above their heads, with snowy blossoms laden, And in that place of holy calm the binding words were spoken:

He in his heart bore out the truth, she on her head the token. The years went by, and some were bright and some were clouded over, But over stood he at his side, he was no fair day lover.

Boston Transcript.

LITTLE ROBBIE.

She was the widow Randolph when we first met, and I thought her then, as I think her now, the loveliest woman in the world," said Mr. Alexander Lane.

"Aha!" responded Ford, the senior partner of Ford & Lane—"and so there was a romance, Sir dog."

The two men—friends, and rather old fellow-soldiers in their middle life—had followed us in their friendly leanness, and followed a fellow's good fortune, and is stimulated by pleasant surprises. Now there was a something that was not this, nor is there any, but that he is past fifty—a handsome or more genial man than Lane himself. At this moment he sat, staring into the fire, and Ford turned, by way of joke, to him.

"During one of my regular trips to Europe for the firm," said Lane, "tripping apparently to the fire, I had time to spare, and was at Baveno, in the north of Italy. Then, after a pause: 'There's too much sea about the scenery at the Italian lakes.'

"'Why, isn't it fine?'

"'Yes; but happen, at Baveno, on the lake, I met a girl of May, and there's something you can talk about: there's a fervor and a languor, a strength and a sweetness, in all nature, in the very air itself, that can't be told—it can't be described. I had time to go to the lake, and boats lay moored just before the door. It was afternoon, I remember, that day—late afternoon—and I ran into Russell, firm of Russell & Lane.'

"'What you know?'

"'So glad to meet an American!' said Russell. "I was along the lakes with my wife and sister-in-law, who is a widow. Come for a boat ride with us this evening.'

"At sight Russell clapped me on the shoulder. There was a strange influence abroad that night—the whole place seemed fairy unreal. I followed to where the boat lay, and came from its mooring. On the shore was Mrs. Russell, whom I greeted politely; but my eyes were fixed on that boat, for in a instant, wrapped in something like light, she was there, white and lovely as a vision. I was fair, and stood staring, while Russell pulled up the boat and said: 'Jump in, Hallo, Adelaide; so you're seated. The woman in white is my sister-in-law, Lane, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Lane, of New York.'

"She greeted me with, 'Indeed, Mr. Lane, it's pleasant to meet people from home, it's something, and some people.' She was a woman of the world, and a bit coquettish, yet with a soberness and gentle grace underlying all."

"How did she look then?" asked Ford.

"Well, it was ten years ago. She was lighter, but that warm-colored hair was the same; she had the same gray eyes, with the dark brows that would never stern to any other eyes, but those from the sun. Her smile, her cheek was a shade paler than now, and fairer, perhaps. Well, we rowed over to Isola Madre. There, under the shadow of a wooded bank, we heard the singing of birds, and a heron laughing. In short, I resolved that night to make Mrs. Randolph my wife, or live a bachelor."

"'What's that? I'm not in such a matron, I'm not!'" said Ford.

"'Say it in four letters,' Ford agreed.

"'Well, it's love; and I was heartily, deeply in love. You see, I was only forty then.'

"Next morning early I was pacing the turf in front of the hotel, and met Mrs. Randolph. She was healthy, fresh, and down-hued, with the full, glowing sunshine. I breakfasted with the Russell family, and a house brought the table the prettiest four-year-old boy I ever laid eyes on."

"'How could I tell you my blessing!' exclaimed Mrs. Randolph, in a motherly rapture, seating the child on her lap. The little chap shook his head and said, "I don't want a hobby-horse."

"'I'll give you a hobby-horse,' said Mrs. Randolph, while I looked at the picture they made only desired to call both mother and child my own. Why, in fancy, I was already father to

the boy, loved him, brought him up, put him into the firm—all in the few minutes during which the little man was lunging and plucking at the training horse, did his master training him. He delivered a piercing yell, and grabbing the tablecloth, dragged off some dishes that broke. "Well, said Mrs. Randolph, "take the money and go home."

"'Very well,' said the patient mother.

"There was an old woman who met me. "I only wish I'd served my country," said she. "Don't like that."

"'I've killed cock robin, then?'

"'Don't like that.'

"'Well, there was a little boy, and his name was Robbie, and he was sleepy, and pale by turns, and I hunted my pockets. A knife, a pencil-case, long change, a watch, a ring, a like sediment was displayed in vain. Finally I found a bit of chocolate in silver paper. "What's that, Robbie?"'

"Robbie stopped short in his pleasant exercise, and answered promptly: "Chocolate." "What's that in the morning for sweets, said the mother. "Robbie shall have it by-and-bye."

"'No, no. Now, yell the boy.'

"I made the bottom draw into the air, and the cushion and the chub-suit with a finger in his mouth.

"'He's a lovely boy,' I said to the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.

"The boy was too busy in the morning for sweets, said the mother.

"'He's his momma's blessing,' she answered, "said Robbie, speak to that gentlewoman."

"'I won't,' responded the blessing, in a tone of smothered, like an infantile Bill Sykes.

"Robbie," said I, "don't you want to have a pretty pink pony with a blue tail, sir?"

"Arrived at Bingen, where we were to stop over-night, I proposed taking Robbie back into the fields we had passed to pluck the flowers.

"He mounted my shoulder with descending tyranny, and I trotted along with a settled, haughty air, and a little chub drawn along the wheat and poppies and blues. He grabbed right and left, until he had as many as he could hold, then I proposed to carry him back to me. The woman, however, distractingly to the man, said, "Don't kick and dirty its face. He raised a cry for 'more flowers!' then, Robbie want 'em? then, 'choclit?' then a great cry for 'choclit'—"

"Robbie, darling, you make mamma cry, she said, "cleanning sun and cloudy skies o'er us, the river's bunting width may roll unpassed, untried between; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds come over,

"I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair lover!"

—Boston Transcript.